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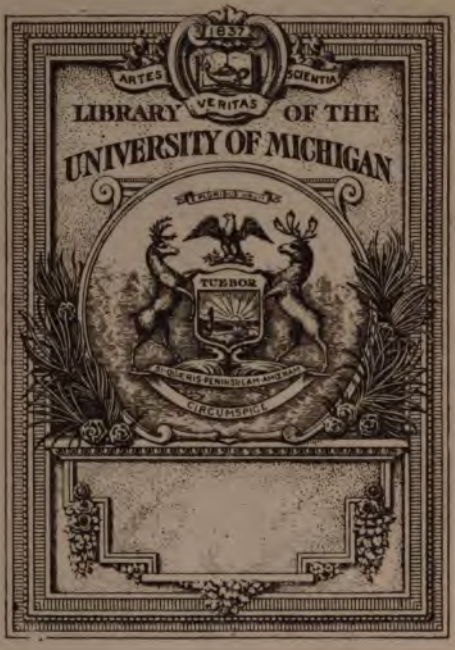
NATURAL-HISTORY PLAYS AND DIALOGUES



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NATURAL-HISTORY PLAYS.

C. J. PETERS AND SON,
STEREOTYPERS AND ELECTROTYPERS,
145 High Street.

PREFACE.

THESE plays, which first appeared in Bicknell's educational periodicals, were written for and successfully used by a class of pupils of from seven to twelve years of age, during a period of several years.

They are designed for concerts or part-recitation and reading, and many of them involve action; the *Movement-plays* are to be carried out by characteristic motions accompanying the text, as may be indicated by the teacher or suggested by the spontaneous action of the pupils, in imitation of the natural movements of the animals represented, and after the manner of the Kindergarten-plays as prescribed by Fröbel.

The author also offers these plays as accurate and scientific studies of their subjects, not only entertaining, but instructive, and giving unconsciously a knowledge of the facts, technicalities, and scientific classifications of animals; the structure, habits, food, and haunts of every animal represented, and the distinctive characteristics of every class have been thoroughly and conscientiously worked out, and may be relied upon for fundamental, scientific instruction in natural history.

LOUISA P. HOPKINS.

NEW BEDFORD, June, 1884.

210267

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NATURAL-HISTORY PLAYS.

THE BEARS.

(MOVEMENT-PLAY.)

[*Grizzly, Polar, Black, and Great Brown Bears. Boys wearing characteristic furs.*]

Grizzly Bear.

Good day, give paw, great Bruin brothers;
I greet ye as I would no others.
Are ye just roused from winter's sleep
In rocky den or cavern deep?

Polar Bear.

My wife does the family sleeping,
Her two fat cubs she is keeping,
All snug in their snowy hole,
Far up by the Northern Pole.
But I, in my great white coat,
On the cold blue ice-blocks float;
Or roam o'er the snowy plains
Where old King Winter reigns.

Grizzly Bear.

You are the bear of my very heart,
My brave and honest counterpart.
I could show you slides on the glaciered slope,
And hunts for the bison and antelope.

For the Rocky Mountain tracts I roam,
And their fastnesses are my wild safe home.
My wife and babies may sleep and doze,
At hibernating I toss my nose.

Polar Bear.

I swim and bask and dive
Where the strong-tusked walrus live,
And the seal and fish I eat
In my icy, lone retreat.
While, through the six-months night,
Aurora flashes bright,
And lights my festive way
While I gambol, roar, and play.

Black Bear.

Well, a good sleep 's no harm,
I care not to alarm;
Grizzly's ferocious muzzle
The bleeding flesh may guzzle;
I choose a milder diet,
And winter's warm dark quiet;
The odorous summer air,
Suits, too, this homely bear.

Grizzly Bear.

Yes, tame old dolt, you climb the trees,
And gnaw the trunk to find the bees,
Then scrape the honey, with your paw,
Right into your capacious maw;
With berry-juice your face you stain,
And roam from Florida to Maine.

Black Bear.

I envy not your fame,
The terror of your name,
Your broad and grizzly head
Close on the bison's tread,
Your sharply-chiselled claws
Writing your bloody laws.

Great Brown Bear.

I am so dull, but just aroused,
So well I slept, so warm was housed;
My moss-lined hole and family,
True, solid comfort are to me.
I love the little human folks,
They stroke my nose, and pat and coax;
I let them climb my back, then run,
And love their frolic and their fun.

Polar Bear.

Where do you live, old dullard,
So brown and tamely colored?

Brown Bear.

In Scandinavian woods I roam,
But sometimes to your borders come;
Through lofty Himalaya's gates,
Across the steppes to Behring's Straits.
In German forests, too, I hide,
Die Kinder on my saddle ride;
But when I scent a nice fat sheep
My instincts wild their temper keep.

Grizzly Bear.

All men will flee from me
When they the carcass see
Of the wild deer I have slain,
Nor dare come back again.

Polar Bear.

When on my haunches, brought to bay,
The Esquimaux shall rue the day.
The finder of his reindeer-meat
Him, too, can quickly slay and eat.

Brown Bear.

Once, round a fire-encircled camp
I crept amid the dusk and damp,
Then, dripping from the nearest stream,
Invaded each scared sleeper's dream.
They call me now by reverend name;
So wise, so cunning, and so tame!

Black Bear.

Now, brothers all, good-day!
I must be on my way.
I think you, too, will run
At sound of hunter's gun.

THE BEAVERS.*

(MOVEMENT-PLAY.)

THE AMIK FAMILY ON THE BANKS OF A POND, IN OCTOBER.

Papa, ... Ahyabamik. *Grandmother*, Gichiamik.
Mamma, . . . Nozhamik. *Children*, Oboyewa, Ahwanesha.

Nozhamik.

Sweet, golden, hazy air,
Deep, myriad hum,
Dear Indian summer days,
They softly come!
Hear from yon blaze of trees
Woodpeckers drum.
Delightful here to stay,
Our coats to dry,
With heads turned diverse way,
Sharp, watchful eye!
But hist! the wolverine
Goes howling by.

Ahyabamik.

Jump, swim! I follow you
Dear Nozhamik!
With long hind-legs we 're in
The water quick;
For fear of that wild beast
My heart is sick.
Spank water as we dive
Give loud report,

* The names given to the papa, mamma, grandmother, and children are so used by the Indians.

Oboye and Nesha
Are at their sport
About the musky mead
Where we resort.

Nozhamik.

Ahyab, I hear them dive
Deep in the wave;
'T is better to be wise
Than to be brave,
For caution and good speed
Our lives will save.
Before these spreading ponds
Are frozen in
We 'll have a dam and lodge;
Now let 's begin
And here, by Big-grass Lake
A homestead win.

Ahyabamik.

Yonder that strong, firm tree,
The cottonwood!
Its well-knit boughs shall be
Our timber good.
Its bark and shoots we 'll store
For winter's food.
Now resting on our tails
And hinder paws,
We 'll cut the tree straight through
With teeth and claws;
It shall be felled to-night
By chips and gnaws.

Nozhamik.

There comes that jolly boy,
Oboyewa!
See, galloping from play
With shrill hurrah,
To cut the little twigs
And help papa.

Oboyewa and Ahwanesha.

Chip, chip, with sharp front teeth,
All night, all day,
Then in the current deep
We'll swim and play,
We'll dive and duck and leap
All care away.

Nozhamik.

How handy, children dear,
So near the pond!
But do not float the sticks
The dam beyond,
Nor stop to nibble now
The lily-frond.
But carry roots and twigs
And little stones
With fore-paws 'neath the chin;—
All foolish drones
Old grizzly bear will eat,
And gnaw their bones.

Gichiamik.

Ah! 't is a pretty sight,
Trees floating down

Steered by Amik and wife
To Beaver-town,
With fresh green grass and sprigs
By babies brown:
This gentle family
Of old renown!

Ahyabamik.

Gichi, you say these works
Are old as Ham;
Our fathers from the Ark
First built this dam,
And dug canals; what else?
Pray tell us, ma'am.

Gichiamik.

Acres of trees they felled,
Great burrows made,
These Beaver-meadows spread,
Foundations laid,
And countless generations
Here have stayed,
Where nothing could molest
Or make afraid.

Nozhamik.

Ahyab, my family
Is older yet;
Their giant fossil bones
Are often met
In some deep stratum, which
I now forget.

Ahyabamik.

Well, leave such fables now;
These clean-cut rails
Pack down with many a thud
Of scaly tails,
Good, solid masonry
That never fails.

Nozhamik.

The little tails slap, slap
The muddy ground;
The little twigs snap, snap,
Stick all around.
Such cheery work is this,
Such busy sound!

Ahyabamik.

Above the water-mark
The chamber build,
Yet not too high for ways
With water filled;
This needs a clear, wise mind,
And labor skilled.
Slope smooth, arched passages
To deep tides led,
Below the thickest ice
Spread overhead;
There we can swim and scull,
Here housed and fed.

Nozhamik.

Now this is Beaver bliss!
Our warm, dry lodge —

Shield from the north wind's kiss —
Is no hodge-podge,
But here the wild-cat's kiss
We 'll safely dodge.
We 'll truss the stout old dam
With criss-cross sticks,
Before the freshet's jam
New mud we 'll mix,
And all the holes we 'll cram
And timbers fix.

Oboyewa and Ahwanesha.

And while the polywogs
All stare and jump,
We 'll push the poplar logs,
The thick mud dump,
And with our trowel tails
Pound thump, thump, thump.

Gichiamik.

Yes, cunning little boys,
Sit up on end,
Make no unseemly noise,
But close attend;
Then you shall go to-night
The dam to mend,
While the clear hunter's moon
Her light shall lend.

THE FELINÆ.

(MOVEMENT-PLAY.)

(*Lion, Tiger, Leopard, &c.*)

Lion. Hurrah, my kinsfolk wild!
Where tropic sun hath smiled,
O'er Afric's burning sand
I lift my visage grand;
And hold majestic reign
On India's delta-plain.—
Not by the Nile or Niger
Your sunless couch, my Tiger!

Tiger. My whelps in Indian lair
Smooth their dark-banded hair.
I love the jungle deep,
And forth at night I creep.
By Asian river-fringes
My supple body cringes.
With wild eye, sly and fierce,
The coverts dark I pierce,
Then with ferocious spring
My sharp claws tear and sting.

Lion. My graceful Lioness
Her darlings doth caress
In cool and shady dell,
While I stand sentinel.
My rippling, yellow mane,
Like showers of golden rain,
Falls round my tawny side;
My glance, who may abide?

Leopard. I scent the Zebra's trail,
And wave my cat-like tail;
With many an agile bound
I bring my prey to ground.
My spotted, glossy fur,
In restless, graceful stir,
Lies crouching by the way,
In Nubia or Bombay.

Jaguar. Upon the pampas' course
I seize the swift, wild horse,
While on his flanks I curl
I dodge the lasso's hurl.
Through Amazonian trees
The whistling monkey flees
My fierce, nocturnal prowl,
With direful yelp and howl.

Lion. Fearless and peerless, I,
In my ferocity!
Struck by my mighty paw,
Slain by my lance-like claw
Fixed in its quivering sheath,
Prey, in my pitiless teeth,
Yields me its proudest blood
While over bush and flood
Full twenty-feet I bound,
Spurning the carnage-ground.

Chorus.

Hail, beautiful, cruel Felinæ,
Sleek, whiskered, striped, spotted, or shiny,

All panting with merciless power,
Seeking whom ye may devour,
Cat, Ocelot, Panther, and Puma,
Lynx, Jackal, Hyena, and Cougar,
Vain, graceful, sly, sanguine Carnivora,
We shout your loud praises, — Hurrah! 'rah

THE PACHYDERMATA.

(*Elephant, Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, Mammoth, etc.*)

Chorus. Hornèd Rhinoceros,
Sleek Hippopotamus,
Elephant, Tapir,
Mammoth and Mastodon,
Relics of ages gone, —
Gone like a vapor, —
In deep, sonorous tones,
Stir up your mighty bones,
Vestiges hoary;
Great Megatherium,
Speak your delirium,
Tell us your story.

Mammoth, Mastodon, Megatherium.
Giant Conifera,
Monstrous herbivora,
Misty morasses,
Great ferns and grasses, —
In such proportions,
Yours seem abortions; —

This was the dreamy earth,
Home of our early birth.
Jungle and swamp we roved,
Roots, fruits, and leaves we loved;
Ate the cane succulent,
Sometimes grew truculent,
In contests engaging
With roaring and raging.
Our bulk so stupendous,
Our forces tremendous,
Gave impetus, motion,
Like surges of ocean.
A herd so gigantic
Would drive armies frantic;
With trunks in the air,
Enormous tusks bare,
To chaos we hurled
The pre-Adamite world.

Hippopotamus.

On the cool river-bottom all the day
I stand, or in the soft mud roll and play,
Besmear my hide or lave my uncouth bulk, —
Or sunk, or stranded, still a shapeless hulk.
My goggle eyes, great nostrils, little ears
Above the water, all else disappears;
These map out my huge head and broad, flat nose,
And you may guess my form so adipose.
My homely baby squats upon my back
Contented in his hydropathic pack.
I represent the monsters of the prime,
And by the swampy Nile I bide my time.

To you my inch-thick hide and heavy teeth
Of finest ivory I now bequeath.

Rhinoceros.

My skin is tough
And thick enough
To blunt a leaden bullet;
Horn on my nose
Excrescent grows,
Be careful how you pull it.

My demi-snout
It pokes about
To find the rice and honey;
While all in folds
And uncouth moulds
My black coat hangs so funny!

My upper lip,
The buds to nip,
Elastic and prehensile;
For digging roots,
Or pulling fruits,
Convenient utensil!

My piggish eyes
Show no surprise
Howe'er the prospect changes;
To British tanks
From Ganges' banks
Or Java's mountain ranges.

I keenly scent
Each fell intent,
And seldom am I taken;
For Tiger's spoil,
Or Caffre-toil,
Or Hottentot's rich bacon.

And when too near
Charged Bushman spear,
I jumped and dodged and scampered;
With furious rush
Reached sheltering brush,
Where still I roam unhampered.

Elephant. In spicy Indian lands,
On palmy river-strands
Along the torrid lines,
In woods of myrrh and musk,
The elephant's white tusk
Of polished ivory shines.

His trunk so lithe and great,
Of touch so delicate,
Is his portcullis grand;
His ivory battlements,
High towers of defence,
Stand out on either hand.

Where fierce siroccos parch,
Like armies on the march,
His troops resistless sweep;

Or with resounding snort,
Swifter than trained cohort,
Rush to the rivers deep.

Mark his majestic tread,
His wise, sagacious head,
His regal dignity!
The gentle and the strong, —
Both to his name belong,
Might and benignity.

Chorus.

Tusked Babiroussa, little Peccary,
Hog of Papua, hog ordinary,
British Wild Boar, South American Tapir,
With long, flexible snout, and short, clumsy caper,
With the rest of your kin, amble in as Errata,
Proboscidean Pachydermata!

THE SQUIRREL.

Question. Deep in the russet wood,
Or in the upland sun,
What whiskered, furry brood
On thrifty errands run?

Snoozing in cosy nest,
Their cuddling young close-pressed
To each warm, silky breast;
Peering from hollow tree,
Glancing out warily,

Skimming along the wall,
Scaling the beech-tree tall,
Resting on bushy tail,
Scouting on sweet-nut trail,—
Their sharp incisors set
In the acorn green and wet,—
Cracking their husky food,
So playful and so good;
What are their names, I pray?

Answer. Ah! 't is the squirrel gay,
Black, red, or striped, or gray,
Chipmunk or Chickaree,
At home in the old pine tree,
The oak, or hickory.
Down from the cold northwest
Marching their level best,
The Michigan farmer's pest,
Come the long-whiskered troop,
Scared by the owlet's whoop.
Far in Prairie-du-Chien
Stretches the dotted plain;
Sentinels nimble, vain,
Guarding each tiny hut,—
Village of Lilliput.
From Florida's cypress glade,
From Canada's fir-tree shade,
To the shores of Hudson's Bay
Frisking their lively way,
Roam the Sciūridæ,
Jocund, free company!

(To be read, and localities traced upon the map.)

TOUR OF MEGACEROS HIBERNICUS.*

THE DEER.

A weird old ghost of an Irish Elk
From his smoky peat-bog rose;
Ten feet four inches he reared his crest
From his mediæval doze;
And he looked abroad with a lofty air,
Ancient and grandiose.

"I fear," said he, "of my antlered race
But a few marl fossils remain,
So I 'll scour the earth for whomsoe'er
To the family appertain;
If the fittest survive, I may find one alive
That can lay my ghost again."

First with his filmy orbitals
He spied the Isle of Man,
But found his old friend disinterred
For the modern world to scan,
So he heaved the sigh of the wild Banshee,
And swam to Cardigan.

He stalked ashore, a ghost forlorn,
With a deep sense of neglect;
Till he saw the elegant Fallow Deer,
Light brown with yellow flecked;
Their fond words tickled his empty ear
With a kindred dialect.

* The Great Fossil Irish Elk.

But the skeleton lord of the Irish peat
Disdained the English park,
"A pretty, pigmy race are they,
A prey for human mark.
Better my noble *rôle* to keep
Of fossil patriarch."

Then north he sped to Inverness,
To greet the Red Deer bold;
The pride of Scotland's mountain-lands
In song and story told,
While graceful Roebuck modestly
The lower coverts hold.

He plunged beneath the Arctic wave,
He stalked the icy zones,
Where the Reindeer gallops miles on miles
To the sledge-bells' tinkling tones,
And he skimmed the snow where the night winds blew,
The chill sleet through his bones.

He saw the Reindeer strong and true,
And grandly built and wise;
But 't was sad to see him live and die
For man to utilize;
His skin, his flesh, his horns, his bones,
A wholesale sacrifice!

Now for a dip in the Baltic Sea,
And a stride o'er the lowlands damp,
Then up the beautiful Switzer hills
With lumbering, uncouth tramp,

Till he saw the Chamois poised on high,
Like a silhouette's clear stamp.

Cis-Alpine lands enticed him on
To swim the mid-world mere;
All rich, ripe human history
Hath shed its fruitage here. —
He hastened with reluctant step
Through sunny, swart Algier;

There for a comic episode
He met the queer Giraffe,
While all his monstrous, brittle ribs
Loud clattered with a laugh,
To see his short horns perched aloft
In tamarisk-leafed Kordâf.

Then sped he on where thousand herds
In swift and graceful band, —
The straight-horned Oryx, fleet Pallah,
And beautiful Eland,
Gazelle and Springbok o'er the plains
His wondering gaze demand.

Their myriad horns like sabres bright
Were flashing in the sun;
Accoutred troops of cavalry, —
They charged upon the run,
And wily Lions ambushed them
Until the day was done.

Then o'er the wide Atlantic seas
He reached that western world,

Where rivers rush, sierras tower,
And great plains are unfurled;
Where the little Guazapita graze,
On the pampas' bloom impearled.

There lifts the Andes' smoking crest
Against the soft, blue air,
Where patient, snow-white Llamas climb,
The silvery ore to bear,
Alpaca and Vicuña leap
With silky flowing hair.

Upon the backbone of the world,
From Chimborazo's peak,
Across the neck of Darien
He heard the oceans speak,
And wondered what catastrophe
Would follow should it leak.

He scaled the strong Pacific wall
With Rocky Mountain Goat,
Then stood in awe at Shasta's front,
And at the cañon's throat,
While grand Yosemite's old pines
Sang him their solemn rote.

He saw the noble Wapiti
O'er vast savannas run;
He sniffed the buds and grasses sweet,
The berries in the sun,
Salt-licks, and water-courses cool,
And loved the fawns so dun.

And in October's carnival, —
Gay summer's last retreat, —
He watched the Stags, as in the fight
Their branching antlers meet,
Till gloriously the victor stands
In championship complete; —

He saw the ox-eyed Antelopes
By blue Wind River banks
All playing with their pretty fawns
Who tossed their tawny shanks,
Frisking about the pastures green
With winsome, merry pranks; —

He passed the lonely Caribou
On Athabasca's snows,
To woods primeval, where the Moose
Unfettered proudly goes;
At last his own untamed compeer
Still liveth! so he knows.

Great-hornéd Moose! six feet apart
His yearling antlers loom,
And crashing through the ancient boughs
Sounds far their noisy boom,
Nor like the giant Elk is heard
His geologic doom.

But there he stands, in flesh and blood,
Eleven feet I trow;
Who doubteth, let him turn and read
"The Maine Woods," by Thoreau.

So the ghost is laid in his marl-bed grave
With a deep, contented sough.

THE FUR SEAL OF ALASKA.

(READING-LESSON.)

Up to the ice-pack's crash!
Where great seal-squadrons dash
Through leagues of foaming breakers,
To the hoary sea terrific,
Crowning the broad Pacific—
Behring's surf-beaten acres!

Acres of angry sea
Toss round tumultuously
The white, remorseless glaciers;
Acres of rock and fen,
Turf homes of savage men
Sunk in volcanic braziers.

There the fur-clad Aleut
Hides from Seal-scouts, who suit
Their haunts to purpose wary,
Seeking their island home,
Girdled with rock and foam,
So strong and solitary!

Acres of heaving flesh
Break through the billowy mesh,—
A roaring promontory;

Victorious generals,
Old shore-confederals,
Bellowing in their glory;

Clouded in steaming musk
Rampant, with claw and tusk
In grapple fierce engaging;
Ten days and nights, or more,
For miles along the shore,
In direful contest raging,

The monsters storm the islands,
Settle volcanic highlands; —
Six-hundred-pounders plucky, —
Growling in echoing thunders,
Tusked, elephantine wonders,
Beach-masters, Holluschucke.*

Across the stormy wave
The great sea-lions rave,
From many a spray-tossed boulder,
Where many a jutting ledge
Hangs o'er the water's edge
Its scarred and rugged shoulder.

The yellow Walrus prance,
And the wild Sea-otters glance
O'er the chafing, booming ocean;
While the Seals peer through the mist,
Calling their wives, who list
To the eager, rough commotion.

* Names given to the older and younger males.

Then through the lashing surge
From the muffling fogs emerge
The bleating, soft-eyed swimmers;
And their whinny cry resounds
O'er the noisy breeding-grounds,
Where the waiting vanguard shimmers.

Soon the masters of the coast
Lift the shining, supple host
To their rocky reservations;
Till reverberations cease,
And the rookery lies at peace
In its families and nations.

Four million great Fur Seals
Lie at rest while Nature feels
The hoarse wind of their breathing;
Dispersing life's warm breath
Through the icy realms of death,
From myriad nostrils seething.

Through the palpitating mass
The free Holluschucke pass
Down sandy reaches ambling;
While the lively young ones follow, —
Black balls rolling in the hollow,
Or on nimble flippers rambling.

Then while the masters rove
Mothers dally in the cove, —
Deft, flexible foam-dippers, —

In the blue midsummer air
Combing their glistening hair,
Or fanning with web-flippers.

So the summer days creep up,
Till each mother, with her "pup,"
In open ocean gambols;
Bathing in emerald pools,
Swimming by shoals and schools,
Or along the white slope rambles.

Silver-gray, in sapphire sea,
Close the ranks to wind and lee,
In skilful evolution, —
Wheeling in grand platoon,
Rushing in squads, — for soon
Comes their six-months' ablution.

After midsummer fast
The beach-masters seek repast
In the clear fish-swarming water;
Then return the yellow herd,
All so royally befurred,
Doomed to decimating slaughter.

Soon the bold lords of the fief,
Who have not yet come to grief,
Re-embark with freshened courage,
New lease of life to take,
While the finger of their wake
Beckons sweethearts to the voyage.

Now the sleek, round heads arise,
Gazing with wistful eyes
After the truant Kaisers;
Currents from torrid seas,
Dreams of Hesperides,
Woo them, soft magnetizers!

Then away to southern wave,
Over many a coral cave;
Whisper not the secret whither;
But where lovers go before,
To some far Antarctic shore,
Shall not true hearts follow thither?

IN THE SEA.

(MOVEMENT-PLAY.)

(*Coral, Star-fish, Sea-anemone, Jelly-fish, &c.*)

Coral. I'm a happy polyp,
Floating up and down,
And when my journey's ended
I'll stop at Coral-town.
In yonder green-ringed islet
Around the blue lagoon,
I'll find my crevice ready,
And take my station soon.

Star-fish. I spread my scarlet arms out
Within this mossy pool,

My tentacles slow waving
About the water cool;
While my omnivorous stomach
Unfolds, and stretches round
To suck in all the little shrimps,
With sweetly gurgling sound.

Sea-anemone.

Glance down at me, bright Star-fish,
With your five searching eyes;
Reach hither one strong finger,
And take me as your prize.
With all my rosy fringes
And dextrous lasso-coil,
I'll be your commissary,
And bring abundant spoil.

Portuguese Man-of-war.

Come, maiden fair and stately,
Moored on the amber rock,
My purple sails are ready,
My oars are in the lock.
O, lovely Sea-anemone,
'Tis you whom I adore,
Come grace the pearly galley
Of the Portuguese Man-of-war.

Jelly-fish. I'll follow you, gay gallant,
With all my rainbow fleet,
My dainty, pale-green canopy
Shall shield you from the heat.

Its graceful, swaying fringes
  Shall waft you as you glide
Through blue, translucent waters,
  Your convoy by your side.

Chorus.

Among the branching corals,
  Among the sea-weeds gay,
Down in the mermaid's palaces,
  We glide and dart and play;
With lovely tints adorning
  The deep sea's glistening floor,
With phosphorescent glimmer
  Illumining the shore.
All radiantly beautiful,
  Bright creatures of the sea!
Come search us out, and learn our part
  In God's infinity.

THE TURTLE AND THE FROG.

(MOVEMENT-PLAY.)

Beside a cranberry bog,
In the sunny autumn fog,
Was heard this dialogue
Of the Turtle and the Frog.

Turtle. How lazily you jump
  Brother Bull!

Are you sullen, mopish, dump,
That you settle and you slump,
Like an alderman so plump,
Stomach-full?

Frog. How heavily you creep
Brother Tur!
Are your eyes almost asleep,
And your claws astraddle deep,
That within your house you keep,
Hardly stir?

Turtle. Lift your treble eyelids slow
Brother Frog!
See the sinuous Lizards go
With the Beetles, to and fro,
And the slimy snakes slip low
In the bog.

Frog. Though my ears are in my throat,
Turtle mine,
Yet I cannot hear a note,
And I cannot see a mote,
And my long legs will not tote
Me a line;

For my heart is waxen gross
As my brain.
Seems to me I've had a dose,
And I feel so lachrymose,
My condition comatose
I attain.

Turtle. Well, the purple cranberries drop
In the mud;
While the scrawny beetles stop,
And the snakes and lizards flop,
In my bed I 'll shuttle-pop
With a thud.
And I 'll take my winter's nap,
Long and deep;
While Jack Frost the earth will wrap
In her nightgown and her cap,
We will nestle in her lap
Sound asleep.

SUMMER INSECTS.

(MOVEMENT PLAY.)

(Girls in light gauzy draperies of bright colors.)

Gnats, Dragon-Flies, and Butterflies.

Chorus. O warm, bright air elastic!
O motion light and plastic!
In graceful mystic dancing
Like sunbeams we are glancing.
How beautiful! thus lightly
To glide with movement sprightly,
Fair, lace-like wings to quiver
Above this shining river!
The summer air so glowing, —
The perfumed blossoms blowing, —

A glorious life we 're living,
Each day new pleasure giving.

Dragon-Flies.

What joy on gauzy wing
To float and dart and sing!
What wonder and surprise
Greet our resplendent eyes!
Our food about us swarms
In myriad insect forms.

Our fate we did deplore
On yonder muddy floor;
Brown, scrawny beetles there
We crawled and swam our share,
Our swift-propelling tail
Served both for oar and sail.

But new-born hopes awoke, —
Our horny shells we broke.
High on a swaying reed
We panted to be freed;
And then, — O wonder true! —
Outspread these wings and flew.

Gnats. Merry is our circling mazy
In this air so soft and hazy.
Black and white and gray our dresses,
Tossed aloft our plumy tresses;
Up and down and right and left,
Till of life we are bereft.

Did you see our mimic boat
On the sunny waters float?

Made of clustered eggs, a wherry
Cunning, safe as any ferry,
Every egg a tiny ark,
Till we left its prison dark.

Then we lived like fairy bubbles,
Happy, buoyant, free from troubles,
Till, with warmest breezes blowing,
Burst our pupa-corslet, showing
Plumèd head and filmy wings,
Rising with aërial things.

Butterflies. To sip golden honey
Through days fair and sunny;
To drink without toiling
Our spiral tongues coiling,
Quaff out of pearl chalice,
In gay flower-palace, —
Then forth on bright pinions
To roam our dominions; —
To mount and to rove,
To live and to love;
This, Nature's sweet way
Turning work into play.
What joy in surviving
All darkness and striving!
'T was not ever so;
We struggled below;
In slow, patient toil
We clung to the soil,
And did our dull duty
Without joy or beauty.

When kind Nature bade
Our white shrouds we made
And wrapped us about
In blind faith, no doubt,
Then woke; how surprising,
How glorious our rising!

Chorus. From lower to higher
We reach and aspire,
We do what is given
With trust in high Heaven.

Then turn we when ready,
With faith true and steady,
To spheres that await us,
With nobler afflatus;

Old chrysalides leaving
Without care or grieving;
Hands reaching above us
To angels that love us.

THE BURYING BEETLE.

I rested on a knoll in the woods, —
The stirring summer woods, and the broods
Of busy little ants swarmed around
From their cunning chambers deep underground.
And the noisy buzzing bees flitted by,
While afar the gauzy blue dragon-fly

Hovered o'er the shady pool like a dream,
To the rippling, cadenced music of the stream.
When within a little space near my side
Saw I such a curious thing! never tried
Any sexton grim and steady, more intent
On his digging or whatever task was meant.
Lay a poor dead sparrow there, and beneath
Plied a beetle black and orange, with a sheath
Like a visor on its head for a spade,
Turning up the furrow where the bird was laid.
For three hours did the beetle dig and toil,
Settling deep and deeper down in the soil.
Then from out the sparrow's grave did he crawl,
And upon his victim's back dozing sprawl;
Not stirring for an hour, by my watch,
On the pretty bird a black and yellow blotch.
Suddenly he rouses lively from his sleep,
And descending to his ugly hole so deep,
Pulls the feathers with his claws sure and slow,
Till he 's buried in the earth loose and low.
Then out hurries Sexton Beetle, — on my life! —
Just bethinking him of that dull drone, his wife.
While his footsteps such a carrion scent emit
That it poisons all the air where I sit.
Soon return the scrawny couple, and I wonder
As they scuttle underneath the mound for plunder;
Thus they take the sparrow's body for their larder,
And their nursery too, and lay their eggs with ardor.
But when all is done I think they 'll come to light
Ready for another sexton-job day or night.

THE BEE, THE ANT, AND THE SPIDER.

(MOVEMENT-PLAY.)

Spider.

How pleasant, while upborne on airy wave,
To spread my laces, spin my threads, and save
The pearly dews that glisten in the morn,
My fairy robes of gossamer to adorn.
How nice to weave my cunning spiral trap
And then with one eye open take my nap!

Bee.

Buzz, buzz, I am well called the busy bee;
The sun comes up, the flowers bloom for me.
I 'll fly about and load my hairy legs
With pollen-dust, to feed my larvæ-eggs,
Then pack it in my saddle-bags, and tax
The generous flowers again for plates of wax,
And suck up honey from the nectared wells
To hoard within my curious, six-walled cells.

Ant.

There goes the noisy Bee; what endless hum
Announces all his pompous folks! They come
With fuss and wings, while I, more modest, creep
Quiet and business-like about my heap,
Mine out my galleries and raise my dome,
Patient and tireless while I rear my home.
Well, flying is my pastime once a year,
I 'll take my wedding-flight when July 's here;
All over, then the useless wings I 'll doff,
And go to work when I have pulled them off.

Spider.

Now starting from my hiding-place, so nimble,
I'll take my thread and needle (where's my thimble?)
A fly is struggling through my breaking net,
As I'm alert, I hope to have him yet.
I'll tie him down, laugh at his frantic buzz,
And suck his blood, as every victor does;
Then, at my leisure, knit my silken bag
To hang my eggs in, while the seasons wag.

Bee.

I'll rifle all the roses this bright day;
My brother takes the tulips on his way;
For each wise bee seeks only kindred flowers,
Conserving one pure nectar through the hours;
From like corolla to corolla flies,
Till, with his honeyed burden home he hies.

Ant.

Such hosts of green Aphides we have found!
We'll drive them to our safe folds underground.
We see them crowded close beneath the leaves
To gather juices for us lucky thieves.
Or on the oak-trees, sucking sap so good,
We'll follow them, and tap them for our food.

Bee.

What social, happy, thriving tribes are we,
With fanning wings and talking antennæ.
We meet in merry flight, and homeward go,
How far soe'er our hive the way we know,

Take the bee-line, nor drop one precious load,
But haste, like couriers, on our sunny road.

Ant.

In Africa our legionaries rear
Their towering palaces, and brave men fear
Their hosted swarms, marching o'er wasted leagues;
With military skill and fierce intrigues
They storm, besiege, attack, and capture foes,
With slaves reward their generalissimos,
Honor their Cæsars and Napoleons,
Caress them living, deify their bones.
They knew the tactics ere the schools had taught,
And do by instinct what the heroes wrought.

Spider.

I can show men true patience and contrivance,
What can be done by art and wise connivance;
Better than looms my wondrous spinning-pockets;
Swifter than weaver's shuttle or than rockets
I twist my shining threads and shoot my lines
Till centre with circumference all entwines,
And fine and firm my castle walls are made
With outworks and defences truly laid.

Bee.

How learned we thus the secrets of our art,
To build our perfect cells, to play our part,
Our eggs to nourish rightly, and prepare
Just what each needs, with such sagacious care?
What voice directs our queen to ardent flight,
And calls to tournament each eager knight?

What clarion notes draw forth the lively swarm
In loyal zeal new colonies to form?

Chorus.

How swiftly fly the hazy summer days!
Each rosy hour rolls on its busy ways,
While some kind Power our lesson to us reads,
And gives each one the wisdom that he needs,
Informs the bee and ant and spider too
Its own true life to live, and work to do.

BLUEBIRD AND ORIOLE.

(MOVEMENT-PLAY.)

Bluebird. What swift, bright thing
Is on the wing,
Singing out his soul?
'T is the Oriole
In colors bold,
All black and gold,
His deep nest swung
High boughs among
Of the tall elm's shade.

Oriole. Yes, I was made
Of a sun-bright beam,
In the dark shade's gleam.

My song is loud,
My flight is proud
To my queenly mate
As she swings in state.

Bluebird. Chirp, chirp, chirree!
Trill gay and free.
The sky is blue,
And the water, too,
And I flit between,
As blue, I ween,
While I dip and sing
On azure wing,
Golden Oriole!

Oriole. Your sweet trill-troll
On the ether float
From your fair blue throat.
But where's your nest
And your mate's gray breast?
Is it builded close
In the deep repose
Of a hollow tree?
Will you show it me?

Bluebird. In the Linden-shade
Where a little maid
Reared a tiny house,
Broods my darling spouse.
Sing low, sing sweet,
By that blest retreat.

We come and go
With a song, you know.
Sing low, sing low.

Both. Sing sweet, sing clear,
High tide of the year!
Love's tale is told
By Blue or Gold,
In cosy nests,
To brooding breasts.
For hearts' delight
All days are bright,
While the eggs — pale blue
Or white — break through,
And the birdlings come
To our waiting home.

THE PROCESSION OF THE BIRDS.

In the dark Evergreens,
Hide the hardy little birds,
The brave, modest birds of winter.
Hark to the Chickadee's cheery words,
And the blithe Song-sparrow, heavenwards
From the Fir-tree spire
Sending higher and higher
His notes of praise, like an altar-fire!

While Goldfinch and Snowbird nestle below,
Safe and warm from the wreathing snow,
Eating the berries, content and meek,
As if they would speak
Sweet words of hope, as they wait and sing;
While on the wing
From the far-off South, through leagues so high,
The Bluebirds fly —
Their clear Spring-carol ringing through the sky.
Now the little birds from the crystal snow
Welcome the hosts that northward go,
For March is come.
What joy to welcome the Robin home!
But wait, the furrows are not upturned:
Only the berries that hung and burned,
Of last year's fruits, are good to eat,
With the balsamed Spruce and the Pine-seeds sweet,
And a taste of snow, so fresh and crisp,
Till mild winds whisper and green leaves lisp.
    But call aloud
    O Bluebird proud!
    And build your nest,
    Dear old Redbreast,
Framed with sticks and plastered with mud,
And greeting give to the swelling bud.
Now April is here, in her apron green,
The Willow dons her silvery sheen,
Pee-wee and Sparrow settle down,
And Swallows chatter in Swallow-town;
Barn and cave and cliff shall twitter,
And thronging pinions sail and flutter,

Sweeping the meadow and skimming the lake,
While air and water new graces take.
Look and list! from the low ground-vine,
Where brown leaves cluster and old stems twine,
Rises the Wood-thrush, with rippling note;
Song-thrush and Mavis their swelling throat
Fill with delicious harmony,
Pouring it forth to the breezy sky.
Mother Nature is glad to-day
To greet the birds of her darling May.
The shrubs are dressed in rosy gauze,
Amber laces drape the boughs;
Dainty nests are building, hid
Clouds of softest green amid;
Bloom and tassel o'erhang the woods,
Fragrance covers the nestling broods.
Melody of Linnet and Lark
Chime and cadence from dawn to dark;
Catbird's mimic, and Bobolink's fun,
Bubble and trill till day is done.
Ecstatic the June air presses and kisses,
Inspired by love to the height of her blisses,
Shot with the Oriole's golden flight,
Streaked with the Tanager's scarlet light,
Lit with the Humming-bird's dazzling whirr,
With countless glancing hues astir.
Tenderly the Vireo's strain
Pours through all its musical rain,
Showers of song flood the breathing air,
Joyful chorus of praise and prayer!

Out on the marsh, by the wayside pool,
Watches the Kingbird in sedges cool,
Whistles the Quail, the Woodpeckers drum:
Summer is flying, and Autumn is come.
While the sweet, sad plaint of the Whippoorwill
Pierces the woods, and a cry more shrill
Answers back from the white sea-spray:
"The birds' procession must pass away,
But keep thy faith, for the seasons roll,
And all things grow with the growing soul."

HEPATICA AND EPIGEA.

Hepatica.

Beneath the brown and rustling leaves,
A-near the crispy snow,
I lift my tender, hairy stems,
My purple flowers blow.
The March winds cannot reach me there;
Nor later frosts benumb,
My hardy buds will open fair,
Hepatica has come!

I hide my last year's foliage sere
Beneath the mosses green;
Till fresh my heart-shaped leaves appear
They 'd rather not be seen.
So bring your baskets lined with moss,
And tuck my blossoms in,

My blue flowers wrapped in hairy floss,
My purple buds between.

I see the trailing Mayflower sweet
Come creeping near my bed;
It wanders on, with gentle feet,
Its perfume rare to shed.
So push away the rustling leaves,
And greet Spring's heralds, true, —
Hepatica and Epigea
Are hiding there for you.

Epigea.

See my sweet, pink clusters
On their viny stem!
How they push and hasten,
Spring winds beckoning them!
All amid the wet moss,
Nestling in the mould,
Twining round the frosty ground,
Flowers fair and bold.

Pluck the scarlet berries
With the Partridge vine,
Delicate Anemone
Gracefully entwine.
These so softly tinted,
Perfumes sweet and rare,
Prophets true and beautiful
Nature's grace declare.

THE FLOWERY HILLSIDE.

I know a lovely hillside,
  Lies sloping to the west,
And over all its grassy mounds,
  Where darling children rest,
Spreads such a sweep of fair spring flowers,
  The sweetest and the best.

And, as the winds blow over,
  They bend in tender grace,
And throw their kisses o'er the slope,
  As if they saw the face
Of some child-angel looking down
  From its high, heavenly place.

Then wave their pure, soft blossoms
  In billows of fair hues;
The Strawbell's graceful pendants,
  The Violet's azure blues,
Dear Housatonia's pearly stars,
  And pensive Meadow-Rues.

And banks of great white Daisies
  Hold up their faces bright,
With golden rows of Buttercups,
  Resplendent to the sight;
Like Heaven's radiant gates they shine,
  And walls of Chrysolite!

And on the crystal lakelet
  That nestles in the vale,

Outspread the placid Lilies,
In all their glory pale;
Their sweet, undying perfume
Is wafted on the gale.

So, while beside our baby's grave,
My dear Mamma and I
Heap up the flowers beautiful,
Our swelling tears we dry,
Such blessed messages of love
Are blowing gently by.

THE FLAXSEED.

In all the little glasses on the table,
Grow pretty flax-plants, from the seeds so brown;
And, as I look, it seems some wondrous fable,
The fair green shoots above, the rootlets down.

Was it all packed within that tiny casket,
The polished, oval seedling lying there?
Did every still seed hear its Maker ask it
To shoot out beauty to the light and air?

Yes, when it heard God's voice, it rose obeying,
Doing whate'er He said with heart sincere.
It did not stop for doubt or shy delaying,
But tried and tried till leaf and bloom appear.

So, little children, watch your shoots all growing,
Down to the water, up into the air;
God asks you, like the flax-flower, to be showing
Your sweet obedience to His love and care.

THE INDIAN CORN.

In the month of June so sunny
The corn is waving green,
And a plume of pollen-blossoms
To crown its height is seen.
The burnished bees about it
Salute the Summer's queen.

Fair, silver-tressèd fairies,
All wistful dance and dip,
To whisper to their lovers,
Who kiss them with sweet lip,
Then down the sea-green channels,
To quiet homes they slip.

As sea-nymphs gliding softly
Beneath the billow's curl,
They slide within and nestle
From the flutter and the whirl,
To dream, and change, and ripen,
And their silky banners furl.

They sleep amid the rocking
Of perfume-laden breeze,
They dream of happy nestlings
In July's shady trees,
The ripening suns of August
Their glowing fancies please.

While rounder still and fairer,
September sees them grow,
The children pluck the corn-silk,
And shines the amber row;
The ripe ears for the harvest,
The golden seed to sow.

KINGS OF THE PRIME.

(FOR REVIEW OF ANCIENT HISTORY.)

Rameses II. of Egypt, Sennacherib of Assyria, Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon, Solomon of Jerusalem.

Rameses II.

All kingly peers and sovereigns, ye I greet!
I, greatest of great Egypt's monarchs, come
From bounteous father-Nile to meet your shades,
Lingering in Eastern plains, by Tigris' stream,
Along Euphrates' marshy current. Hail,
Thou monarch most august, Sennacherib!
Thou pushed'st thy conquests in the ancient world,
Close to Sahara's golden border-line;
Through Egypt's fruitful land, gift of the Nile;

Beyond the Indus' banks, all states enclosed
Within thy realm: Judæa, Phœnicia's strand,
The mighty Babylonia, farthest Ind,
Green valleys, fertile river-basins, plains;
Mesopotamia, Hur, Arabia.
What gorgeous palaces and splendid towers,
Colossal temples, sculptured statues grand,
Columns and arches, aqueducts and walls, —
Thy history painted on their massive tiles,
Thy deeds inscribed within their frescoed halls, —
As in a vision pass! Kings of renown, —
Tiglath-Pileser, Nabonassar, too,
Sardanapalus, — antedate thy reign,
Hold their high sway, and pass to silent dust.
But thou, world-conqueror, stretched'st thy sceptre far,
Lifted'st the winged sphinxes, lions, bulls,
High on thy palace-gates, and all compelled
To send their tribute to thy capital,
Great Nineveh, along the Tigris shining
With studded gold and gems, — a jewelled sword!

Sennacherib.

I bow to thee, great Rameses, or called
Sesostris; this, my country, erst was thine.
Thou wert the earlier victor, and in Thebes,
Three thousand years ago, thy sovereign name
Was writ in hieroglyphs; thy face portrayed
On sculptured block and marble obelisk 'graved.
I see afar thy mighty Pyramids
Standing by Memphis' gates, world-wonders still;
Shufu, king-builder, sepulchred within.

I see sad Memnon gazing o'er thy plain, —
Waving with golden corn, though reaped of glory,
I hear his sighing down the vista hoary,
Where Pharaoh's granaries stored the plenteous grain.
The date-palm tosses all its emerald plumes
Above the fertile bed, and the blue Nile
Embroiders the fair land of Egypt still;
But out of its once dazzling splendor shines
Only thy name — Sesostris.

Rameses II. Well, my name
Is on its ruins, for my heart is hid,
Buried with all its mummies, dead, embalmed,
Wrapped in its cere-cloths, with its amulets,
My signet-ring and sceptre, necklace, crown,
And sacred Scarabeii. All have fled,
Isis, Osiris, Apis: all the gods.
Only the everlasting host of heaven
Wait the astrologers' and seers' return;
Only the mystic Sphinx is there to-day
Blown over by remorseless sands to lift
Appealing, grand, impassive front, and question
One more eternity for Egypt's fate.
The Pharaohs and Ptolemies forgot,
Proud Cleopatra's peerless beauty humbled,
E'en Rameses must seek oblivion;
Yea, let me eat the lotus and return
To drowsy death-sleep and forgetfulness!

Sennacherib.
The Nineveh I built is but a mound
Of broken sculptures, heaps of fallen stones.

The bittern's cry re-echoes o'er my plains,
A voice of desolation. O Assyria!
How overthrown and wasted since the day
When from the Zagros mountains Media poured,
With Scythian horse under Cyaxares,
To meet the Babylonians at my gates!
The cruel flames licked up my silver streets,
Strewn all with ashes were my marble towers,
Pillars of porphyry, onyx, jasper, gold,
All crumbled into heaps of common dust.
And Babylon, thou too, the Spoiler?

Nebuchadnezzar. Yes.
But Babylon is fallen, — is fallen indeed!
See all her myriad bricks, — written and sealed
With all her glory and with all her doom!
How ravishing her beauty once! her walls
Built round about with strength invincible,
Buttressed with towers, and pierced with brazen gates.
But feasting and luxurious pleasure came
To hold high revel in her impious court;
Grace, beauty, wine's enchantment, music brought
Their riotous excesses, and the name
Most sacred was blasphemed by queen and prince;
When deep along the drained Euphrates' bed
Resounded trampings of vast columns; swift
The couriers ran to tell Belshazzar; — shouts
Rang swelling on to victory; on the walls
Out-struck the lightning of God's awful words,
"Mene," and "Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!"

Cyrus with fire and sword led in his hosts,
To sack and ravage mighty Babylon.

Solomon.

In Palestine I set my throne; my power,
Earlier than thine, built on foundation firm,
Of wisdom and of knowledge, — God-inspired.
Thou loved'st thy Median Queen, and gardens hung
Terraced and planted with tall, goodly trees,
With lofty rocks surmounted, watered well,
Most luscious fruits there ripening, sweetest flowers
Tossing their perfumes on the balmy air,
To please her with her native mountain-scenes:
So I loved Pharaoh's daughter, sung to her,
"Rise up, my love; my fair one, come away
From Lebanon, from Hermon, O my spouse,
From mountains of the leopard, lion's dens;" —
I placed her in my chariot paved with love,
For she had ravished all my kingly heart. —
But more I loved thee, O Jerusalem!
Thou city of the world, bright as the sun, —
Adorned as bride for bridegroom; on thy hills
I reared the glorious temple like a pearl.
Light, like a stone most precious, lily-work
Enchased above its doors, enwrought in folds
Of Tyrian purple; cedar-built its walls,
And rich with all Phœnicia's commerce brought
From the rock-pillars of the unknown West,
Laden with treasures from the distant lands
Of the far Orient; islands of the sea,

White cliffs that Sidon's ships have visited,
Tarshish and Ophir, Horeb's sacred mount,
All sent their choicest and their costliest gifts, —
Great stones and timbers, cunning workmanship,
Hiram's fine brass and golden chasings, all
To deck the dazzling temple-house of God.
The Holiest I invoked to dwell there, — sure
That what He sanctified should aye endure.
Before Him I remembered all His ways
With Israel; — in your land, O Rameses,
Once had my people dwelt a race of slaves,
But their Jehovah led them through the sea
By Moses' hand; once, Babylonia,
By thy sad rivers they sat down and wept
When they remembered Zion, but on God
They called, — not Bel nor Merodach, — but Him
Who is a living Spirit, hears and leads
His own flock like a Shepherd; so they came
To build their walls again and sing His praise.
Your kings are perished, and Chaldea is dead;
But Abraham's people shall return again,
With everlasting joy upon their head;
Still Moses speaks the law, and David sings
For all the world; and He whose holy name
Is given to all the ages, reigns sublime,
From everlasting to everlasting stands
Before all nations earth's Redeemer, — King!

RIVERS OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.

Let us launch our light canoe on the free Atlantic
streams,
Kennebec, and Androscoggin, and Penobscot's foamy
gleams,
Amid the sombre forests, on the big-horned moose's
trail,
See the logs for whirring mills, and the masts for thou-
sand sail;
Skim the crystal crust of winter on the snow-shoe's
willowy frame,
Meet the Indian in his wigwam, and the settler on his
claim,
Spy the crests of old Katahdin, or the ice of Moose-
head Lake,
Shoot the rapids of the freshet, clear the log-jam's
rushing break,
Pass Bangor's new-made shipping, till we reach the
open sea
From Maine's grand forest rivers, unfettered, broad,
and free.
Then darting up the Merrimac, through Massachusetts'
gate,
By the looms of busy cities with their bales of woven
freight;
Lowell, Newburyport, and Lawrence, up to Manchester
we float.
Then to lovely Winnepesaukee we will take our little
boat.

On this pearl of pearly lakelets, where the little hills rejoice
And the snowy peaks are calling with their granite-echoed voice,
Where grand, majestic ranges, like the Alps, around us stand
In the names of mighty heroes of our happy father-land.
Through Vermont's hills and valleys rolls Connecticut's deep tide,
By New England's thrifty villages and pleasant towns we glide,
On to the Queen of cities; our land's commercial mart,
To pay the loyal homage of a proud and patriot heart,
On the beautiful, bright Hudson, with its towering palisades,
With its marble-pillared cities and its silvery cascades,
Through the lovely Catskills wandering, to the Adirondack slopes,
Find the trout in crystal shallows, and the deer in tangled copse.
Recall the shades of history; see Heinrich Hudson's face
In the flush of hope and courage, urging on his fruitless chase,
With the thunder of his nine-pins rolling down the distance large;
We 'll explore for other waters in our gallant, tossing barge.

In the Mohawk's fertile valleys, by the necklace of fair lakes,
Where Niagara's mighty torrent in resistless power breaks;
Where the Delaware is rippling, and the Susquehanna flows,
Through lands of summer beauty, twined with jessamine and rose,
For Potomac's stately waters allure us swiftly on,
Where stands our country's capitol, the spacious Washington.
O'er Roanoke's bright sparkle, o'er James's foaming wave,
Virginia wafts the message of Mt. Vernon's sacred grave.
Leave the swirling Alleghany, the Monongahela scan;
Not the grimy smoke of Pittsburg, nor the blood-stained Rapidan,
Not Oconee nor Ocmulgee, where they join the Altamaha,
Nor the Wateree and Congaree pouring into Santee's maw,
Nor the Coosa, Tallapoosa shall entice to nearer view;
Alabama or Tombigbee at the Mobile rendezvous,
Nor the Flint and Chattahooche tempt us on their devious way
Through the Apalachicola into Mexico's huge bay.
But we'll breathe the gentle zephyrs of the sandy southern strand,
And we'll leave the Chesapeake by her beauteous Maryland;

With pennon gaily flying, the beloved stripes and stars,
In the Carolina rivers we escape the shoals and bars.
Capes Fear and Hatteras warn us, Pedee and Santee call,
And the noble, broad Savannah, goodliest river of them all.
Avoid the spreading barrens of the naked Southern pine
So odorous with the balsams of tar and turpentine;
Steer wide of treacherous currents in Okefinokee,
One glimpse of Dismal Swamp is glimpse enough for me.
But see the dusky workers amid plantations white
With the wealth of Northern factories; it is a cheery sight.
See the cotton-fields and rice-swamps, see the sugar-cane and palm,
And the boughs with long gray mosses drooping in the lazy calm,
On the sullen St. John drifting, by the sleepy crocodile;
Let us moor our weary bark in some sweet-embowered isle.
Let us gather gorgeous blossoms, rest in golden orange-grove,
And dream the sunny South-land is the only land we love.

DISCOVERY OF GREENLAND AND NORTH AMERICA;

OR

HOW HEIWULF FINDS HIS SON.

There 's a brave little isle of fire,
  Up in the Arctic main,
Where Hecla tosses her red-hot stones,
  And the Geyser his scalding rain.

Thither the Danish sailor,
  A thousand years gone by,
Drove on past Orkney and Faroe
  Into a sunless sky.

And a hundred years thereafter
  Sailed westward Eirek the Red,
To the glaciered coast of Greenland,
  And settled its southern head.

In Eirek's ship went Heiwulf;
  His thoughts, like the drifting rime,
Streamed back for his son Bjarni,
  Who cruised in a summer clime.

But his heart was young for venture
  Into realms unknown and weird,
And his pulses leaped, as fiercely
  Through perilous seas they steered.

They saw on the floating ice-blocks
The shaggy white bears ride,
And the seals and the great sea-lions
Swam close to the galley's side.

Then the cruel hummocks grated
And, with snapping teeth of ice,
Threatened the bold prow dashing
Or held it in a vice.

While flashing to the zenith
Flared wild the whistling lights,
Over new stretching headlands,
Into new sheltering bights.

. . . . .

When the days had shrunk to an hour,
Bjarni to Iceland came,
And heard of the sail of Eirek
To the seas without a name.

"What shall be done, Bjarni?"
Distraught the sailors cried.
"I winter with my father,
Bear westward!" he replied.

Three days and nights from Iceland,
Then the North wind scurried on;
The land was sunk, the curdling fogs
Soon drowned the mid-day sun.

For many days the scudding fogs
Swept on the gallant craft;

Then the sunshine lay on a long blue bay,
And the white gulls flew abaft.

"Ho! sheltering hand of fresh green land;
Ho! beckoning arm stretched out."
'Twas Cape Cod good, with balmy wood,
That answered back their shout.

"Stay not for springs and woodlands,
For the Pole Star we are bound;
So up, my men!" said Bjarni,
"We 'll swing the vessel round."

"Will you not stay, my Captain,
To name yon shingly strand?"
"Fill up your beakers, Norsemen,
And cheer for Newfoundland!"

"May we not cruise, Bjarni,
Where Eastward waves break free
Over yon New-found-land to meet
The river of the sea?"

"Nay, by the Great Bear's pointers,
Steer for the Greenland floes!"
So he moors his staunch Norse galley
Right under the glacier's nose.

Then he fares him to his father,
So Heiwulf finds his son;
And at Heiwulfness they rest them,
For their roving days are done.

THE NORTHERN VOYAGE.*

Once on a time, from Upernavik,
We sailed the sea to Reikiavik;
It was a chilly time.
The icebergs crowded round the vessel;
The winds and waves did toss and wrestle;
In that wild, frigid clime.

We left the walrus on the ice-blocks;
We met the flying geese in nice flocks;
The polar bears sailed by.
The aurora-borealis streaming,
The midnight sun above us beaming
Illumed the arctic sky.

Our frosty food in stove and kettle
Refused to melt; it tried our mettle
To keep the fire bright.
We burn the blubber and the whalebones,
We try to drink the snow and hail-stones, —
Oh, what a sorry plight!

At length we reach the boiling geyser;
It makes our tea and coffee nicer;
Our eggs we cook in steam.
Mt. Hekla's red-hot stones are flying,

* Written on the board, in school-hours, as an impromptu by the teacher and scholars, the latter (of the ages of eight to twelve) giving many of the lines extemporaneously, after an oral lesson on Iceland.

The reindeer with the heat are crying
Their tears run down, a stream.

We hear the petrels screaming seaward,
We turn our happy faces leeward,
And take a tinkling sledge
To reach our homeward destination
After this cold investigation
To the Pole's farthest edge.

The bells at Kyrkedal are chiming,
The donkeys up the roofs are climbing,
The sheep are in the fold;
The boys at work, the girls a-knitting,
The women at the fireside sitting,
All safe from storm and cold.

We 'll stay at home awhile in Iceland,
No other land is such a nice land;
So true and good and free;
And in Valhalla with the sages
We 'll smoke contented through the ages,
Nor sail the frozen sea.

BESSIE.

(HYMN FOR A VERY SICK SCHOLAR.)

I miss her running blithely o'er the crossing, —
Or at the open door:
"Ah me!" I think, "how painfully she 's tossing,
And may return no more!"

I miss her busy, dancing footsteps' patter;
I miss her sunny face,
Her sweet-voiced song and pretty lisping chatter,
Her eager, restless grace.

I love her for her happy heart unfailing;
My cheeks are wet with tears;
My anxious heart her sickness sore bewailing,
Trembles with hopes and fears.

Away from us at that long, endless crossing
We almost see her turn;
With prayer and longing fervent and engrossing
Our hearts within us burn.

We pray, "Oh, hold her pulses in Thy keeping,
Abide within her room,
Restore to Thy beloved child while sleeping
The dawn of health's fresh bloom."

We know the Heavenly Shepherd leads us kindly,
And in His sacred school
Can teach the soul we try to help so blindly,
And make it beautiful.

We know Thou wilt be gentle and forgiving —
More patient far than we:
Thy will be done, — in dying as in living,
We trust the child to Thee.

But yet within our waiting arms replace her,
O Thou! whom prayer may reach;

And while in gratitude our hearts embrace her,
Do Thou the lesson teach.

And treat us all as children, Heavenly Father;
Loving, but faint and weak,
Quiet and thankful, waiting still, the rather
That we should hear Thee speak.

"Speak," we will say, "O Lord! Thy servant heareth;
What wouldst Thou have us do?"
Like as to Samuel, so to us appeareth
The vision old and new.

Vision of glory in the sorrowing chamber;
Of peace within our joy;—
His gracious presence who can but remember,
And trust without alloy?

THE NEW-YEAR'S JOURNEY.

Bring thy bowl to the fountain,
Thy cup to the spring,
Thy staff to the mountain,—
Shod feet, plumèd wing;—
Be ready for climbing,
Fill bowl and fill cup;
The New Year is chiming,
Gird loins and start up!

"Rise, rise!" they are singing,
The bells of the year;
Faith, courage, hope bringing
With love and good cheer.
The pitcher is dripping,
The cisterns o'erflow:
With God's help equipping,
Go up the mount, go!

Look, look not behind thee,
The goal is before;
No old fetters bind thee,
Throw open the door;
Cast off every burden,
Disperse every cloud;
"God's word is thy guerdon,"
The bells ring aloud.

Turn not thy face rearward,
Press on to the front;
Hear no doubt or fear-word,
But stand to the brunt.
The prize of thy calling
Shines glorious yon;
God keep thee from falling
Till victory be won!

NEW YEAR'S TOURNAMENT.

Kling, klang! with what a noise and dash
The New Year springs to the saddle! clash!
The bells are ringing as forth he starts
Nor turns as the sad old year departs.
Ring, merry bells, ring!
The New Year is king.
With a lusty strain
See him ride away to his fair domain.

Hail, gallant rider with spurs of gold!
Call far and near to the true and bold.
Bright banners wave o'er his noble crest
As he swings along with his lance in rest;
With his tossing plume,
While his steed's white spume
In feathery flakes
O'er his festive track like a snow-cloud breaks.

Wheel into line at the bugle note,
While the trumpet shouts from its brazen throat.
The way is shining, the track is true;
With firm resolve keep the end in view.
"Good cheer! good cheer!"
Sings the blithe New Year.
Glad pulses beat
Like a drum to the tread of martial feet.

Who rides with him? 't is the motley world
Willy, nilly, by fortune hurled.

They are driven on by resistless fate;
There are none too early and none too late.
For this twirling ball
Spins great and small;
And the crowding years
May linger not for our hopes or fears.

They hurry and push, the jostling crowd,
In the blinding heat and the clangor loud.
The chase grows wilder, and swift and strong
Like a rushing river they dash along.
For the time is short
For toil or sport;
As the old years went,
So this shall speed till its strength be spent.

Ah! many the hustle shall twist and moil,
And many an aim will the contest foil,
And many a broken lance will rust,
And many a charger will bite the dust.
But the steady rein,
And the hope full fain,
And the unswerved course,
Shall bring in victor both man and horse.

But ever the hurried pace is kept
Though fords may be crossed and chasms leapt,
Though skies be sunny, or stormy cloud
Break o'er the throng with its thunder loud,
Though the road be gay,
Or the joust turn fray,
Be it shade or shine,
They must ride and follow who fall in line.

Ye faithless laggards, as well be dead
When the year is flown and the race is sped.
But, knights still ready for high emprise,
The future laughs in your dauntless eyes,
Brave race ye shall run,
Fair prize have won,
When the goal is past
And, ye wear the blazon of worth at last.

THANKSGIVING.

Come home! come home!
The hearth-fires burning bright
Call with clear tongues of light,
"Exiles, where 'er ye roam,
Hark! the sweet welcome home;"
The door stands wide,
Fond hearts and true wait at the ingle-side:
Come home!

Come home! come home!
Haste from the city's care,
Home can no longer spare
Her own beloved ones now;
Smooth the close-knitted brow,
Rest, weary head,
Upon thy childhood's soft and peaceful bed:
Come home!

Come home! come home!
The fervent hand-clasps feel
Grappling like links of steel;
Brothers and sisters all
Come to your father's hall,
To mother's arms, —
O dear embrace beyond all later charms!
Come home!

Come home! come home!
Surround the festive board,
Let the health-cup be poured,
And as ye quaff it, sing
To God your thanksgiving!
Our fathers' God,
Who leads us safely home with staff and rod:
Come home!

THE POOR LITTLE CHRIST-CHILD.

(DIALOGUE.)

"Whom met you, dearest mother,
Upon the Christmas street?"
"My darling, 't was no other
Than the Christ-child I did meet."

"O mother, was he shining
With glorious heavenly light?"
"Nay, he was low-reclining;
His face was wan and white."

"Dear mother, was he carried
In Mary's loving arms?"
"Nay; strangers near him tarried,
He shook with wild alarms."

"O tell us, dearest mother,
Where did the Christ-child go?"
"The hospital's low pallet
Received him, suffering so."

"Quick, let me run and bring him
Our loveliest gift and best!"
"Yes, child, for with such giving
Our Christmas will be blest."

Chorus.

"For inasmuch," said Jesus,
When on the earth, said he,
"As ye do it to the least of these,
Ye do it unto me."

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CAROL.

So long, ah! long ago
Fell the soft, dreamy snow,
Lit with a wondrous glow!

Not with the rosy light
Of sunset flashing bright,
Nor with the stars of night.

But white with dazzling gleam
Of clear, celestial beam
From heavenly hosts that stream.

And falling like a song,
Each feathery flake along,
The carol of that throng.

"Glory to God!" they sing,
And on the snow's pure wing,
Like holiest chimes that ring,

Descends the benison:
"Peace, peace on earth be won
By God's beloved Son!"

THE THREE SAGES.

(RECITATION FOR THREE.)

How glows yon wondrous star, across the sand,
Beckoning us on with its majestic hand!

Methinks it burns above th' horizon dim
Like some great cross of flame, foretelling Him.

Who, think ye, cometh with such mystic sign?—
Is it not even He,—the Man Divine?

Yes, to Immanuel, prophet-seers reveal,—
This heavenly cross points with its starry seal,

As glorious through the solemn sky it speeds,
While all the glittering host its meaning reads.

Star-girt Orion bows, — the Pleiades seven
Wave their bright censer down the westering heaven,
And red Arcturus, low in Orient hung,
Hails Him, clear Morning-Star, by seraphs sung.

Our comrades pace, with silent, reverent tread,
In shadow of the caravan, star-led,
Seeing a vision of One slain and crowned!

The place whereon we stand is holy ground;
This desert-plain a chancel, golden-paved;
The distant mountain-peaks, His altar, laved
With Love's most precious sacrifice; the skies,
Dome, where the quivering airs like incense rise.
So to His shrine we bring our offerings meet,
With gold of Ophir and all spices sweet,
To greet the Kingly Child, and worship at His feet.

THE PRAYERS OF THE CHILDREN.

The air is stirred
  By light wings swaying,
And the sweet, pure words
  Of the children praying;

Till the angels hush
Their pinions' flutter,
And my heart beats low
At the prayer they utter.

"O dearie God!"
Prays darling sister,
With a pause of peace
While the seraphs kissed her;
"Send daisy buds
In millions blowing
On the meadow-banks
By the river's flowing."

"Send thousands, thousands
Of buttercups shining,
And miles and miles
Of May-flowers twining.
Such lovely wreaths
Of buds and daisies,
Dear, sweetie God,
I will weave for praises."

In the sunset's glow
I could see the shimmer
Of radiant hosts,
Till my eyes grew dimmer;
And I listened still,
Though the little maiden
Was smiling now
In her sleep, dream-laden.

Then while still deeper
The dark descended,
More earnestly
Were the voices blended;
Soft palms were crossed
With a gesture holy,
And the angels bowed
With a trust more lowly.

"I want a spirit,"
Prays thoughtful brother,
"That will do no wrong;
Is there not some other
More true than mine
Thou canst give, dear Saviour,
With a better heart
And a right behavior?"

How close the thronging
Of white wings waving!
Pure child-like longing,
The faith most saving,—
Availing prayers
To heaven they carry,
For the Lord is coming
And will not tarry.

So a blessing falls
With the falling shadows;
Hearts purified
And the blooming meadows

Fair Summer's promise,
  Glad hopes of heaven,
Earth glorified,
  And souls forgiven.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(*Lincoln Memorial Book.*)

Our country's Titan! on her mighty rivers,
  Her trackless plains, in virgin forests growing,
That strength was nurtured which a land delivers
  And reaps the harvest of a century's sowing;

Harvest of blood and death! O hapless nation!
  Into that gulf her best and bravest throwing.
Rome gave her Curtius for an expiation;
  Our sealed abyss was Lincoln's heart outflowing.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

(RECITATION FOR TWO GIRLS.)

(*Garfield Memorial.*)

MARCH 4, 1881. — *Laurel.*

He stands at the Capitol's portal
  With lifted hand;
The vows of God are upon him
  For the trust of the land;
  Chief, true and grand!

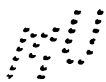
He turns in his manhood's glory
To womanhood;
To his wife and mother he yearns
From the multitude,—
Heart fond and good!

He greets them before the people
With kiss of love.
See it, ye men, and shout,
Full hearts will out;
Rend the heavens above!

SEPTEMBER 23, 1881. — *Cypress.*

He lies in the wide rotunda
With folded palms;
"Wounded for our transgressions;"
Comrades in arms,
Spread ye his pall
For the peace of all.

The thronging nations have passed him
With falling tear,
A royal woman's garland
Upon his bier;
Knight without fear,
Man brave and dear!



In this, his martyr-glory,
Leave him alone;
For his kiss-crowned wife is coming.
Though dead, he has known
She would come — his own —
To share his throne.

EASTER ROUNDELS.

I. ON EASTER DAY.

On Easter Day the risen Lord
Walks through earth's garden, fair and broad,
And calls to every leaf and flower
In tone of sweet, commanding power.
Nature obeys the gracious word,
And springs to life with glad accord
Of bloom and song the skies toward,
In full and fresh creative dower,
On Easter Day.

So hears the soul the voice of God,
And takes the Spirit's shining sword
To pierce the shades of death that lower, —
Reveal the resurrection-hour,
That shall immortal life afford,
On Easter Day.

II. THE SNOWDROP COMES.

The Snowdrop comes on Easter Day,
Nor long the Crocus shall delay;
And soon, ah! soon the Daisies bloom,
The Mayflower finds its own sweet room,
And flaunts the Dandelion gay.
Life, with its glad, exultant sway, —
Earth, sky, in bridal fresh array, —
While, usher of the bride and groom,
The Snowdrop comes!

Hear what the pure, shy blossoms say:
"Though fields are bare and skies are gray,
And life seems shrouded o'er with gloom;
An angel sits within the tomb,
In robes of white to praise and pray."
The Snowdrop comes.

MEMORIAL RONDEAUX.

I. FAIR, CHERISHED FLAG.

Fair, cherished flag! thy folds shall lean
To-day o'er graves flower-strewn and green;
Thy stripes and stars once blood-besprent, —
With precious lives their hues were blent, —

High 'mid the battle's conflict seen,
Then shrouding forms in death serene;
Heroes who lay in peaceful mien, —
In thy defence their blood was spent,
Fair, cherished flag!

Enfold them in thy glory's sheen,
Soldiers who did our harvest glean;
Heaven's canopy their still, white tent;
Brave host by Freedom forward sent!
They loved thy colors well, I ween,
Fair, cherished flag!

II. WREATHS FOR THE BRAVE.

Wreaths for the brave, who for their country bled,
In memory of the precious drops they shed!
On this, the day of their so high renown,
Carry the loyal garlands through the town
To deck with grateful flowers each martyred head.
Let the proud ode be sung, fond words be said;
Amid our tears the honored roll-call read,
While 'neath the drooping colors lay we down
Wreaths for the brave.

Over their graves Spring's fairest bloom be spread,
Waft choicest fragrance o'er their patriot bed;
The daffodils, in all their shining gown,
The violet sweet, the laurel's plaited crown —
All beauteous blossoms for our country's dead.
Wreaths for the brave!

III. THE MINUTE GUN.

The minute gun breaks on the air;
Not from yon fortress lone and bare,
  Through sea fogs dimly looming;
  But from the churchyard booming,
Their endless glory to declare
Who gave their all — a patriot share —
To save our country from despair,
  Their willing lives consuming.
    Brave minute gun!

O minute gun! thy throbbing prayer
Bespeaks a nation's grateful care,
  And fragrant, fond entombing
  Of those, our cause assuming,
Who perished 'mid the battle's glare,
    O minute gun!

ODE TO SCIENCE.

What conquering angel, on pinions of light,
Flies high o'er the land, in our full, ravished sight;
With arms wide extended o'er mountain and plain,
And hands spread in blessing from river to main?
Her smile like the sunlight, her robe of fair hues,
Proclaim her our latest and loftiest muse;
Bright spirit of Science! we hail thee divine,
Thy name on our banner, Truth's watchword and sign.

What beauty illumines thy face and thy mien,
How lavish thy bounty, the gifts of a queen!
Thy plumes shine as silver refined in the fire,
Thine eye lit with pure and immortal desire,
Thy parted lips quiver with message of truth,
Thy brow is aglow with perennial youth;
O grand, mighty angel, o'er sea and o'er land
Thy sceptre of glory all realms shall command!

Thy course through the upper air steadily moves
In great arcs celestial, eternal their grooves;
Law, harmony, growth, all-embracing and sweet,
Attend thy bright circuit, in union complete.
Thy seasons are æons uncounted by years,
Thy voice is the grand, rolling music of spheres,
Like a mighty wind rushing it sounds forth the word:
Truth spoken by Nature is spoken by God.

Thy touch, so magnetic, enkindles a flame
In the heart that can feel and the tongue that can name;
We burn with its fire, we flash with its light,
And we grasp in thy hand freedom, concord, and right.
Transparent the earth in thy radiant beam,
Through the veil of the temple thy glory shall stream,
While discord and ignorance, want and despair,
Shall vanish like mist in thy fresh morning air.

No more, gods of Hellas, your votaries we;
No myths may entrance us, nor bend we the knee
At dim, unknown altars, while, splendid and white,
Fair Science is shining in clear, crystal light.

Bright Spirit of Science! we heed thy behest; —
From the North and the South, from the East and the
West,
We come at thy summons, we wait at thy feet,
All kindred in thee as each other we greet.

Thy reign universal brings peace, love, and joy;
Thy wisdom is gold, without folly's alloy;
Approve us thy heralds, and send us abroad
To bear thy glad tidings, the Truth of the Lord.
Bright Spirit of Science! we rise on thy wing,
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Inspire us, unite us, and strengthen our band,
And make us one people, a purified land.

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